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THE ART-WORLD.

NEW ILLUSTRATED ART PAPER.

THE ART-WORLD, AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITOR: a Weekly Illustrated Journal of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Ornamental Art and Manufactures, Engraving, Photography, Poetry, Music, the Drama, &c. Edited by HENRY OTTLEY, assisted by Writers of Eminence in the various departments of art.

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Published by S. H. LINDLEY, at the Office, 19 Catherine Street, Strand, where communications for the Editor, Advertisements, &c., are to be addressed; and by KENT & Co., Paternoster Row.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—FOURTH SEASON, 1862—THE SECOND CONCERT (Orchestral and Choral) at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, April 30, at 8 o'clock.

Conductor—Mr. ALFRED MELLON.

Programme—Cherubini's Overture, "Fanciulli;" Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," No. 9; Mozart's Concerto in E flat, for two Pianos; Rossini's Overture, "La Gazza Ladra;" Duet (The Island of Calypso), E. J. Loder; aria, Pietà (Le Prophète), Meyerbeer.

Pianists—Messrs. CHARLES HALLÉ and STEPHEN HELLER.
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St. James's Hall.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Wednesday, April 23, at 8 o'clock.—Mendelssohn's Psalm, "Hear my prayer;" Solo, Miss SUSANNA COLE; Meyerbeer's Pastor Noster, &c., Duet for Two Pianofortes, Miss ELEANOR WARD and Mr. BENEDICT.

Mlle. MARIE CRUVELLI, her first appearance in England these eight years, Miss MESSENT, Miss RODEN, Miss CHIPPERFIELD, the Misses HILES and Herr FORMES. Violin, Mr. JOSEPH HEINE. Choir of 200 Voices.
Accompanist—Herr WILHELM GANZ. Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.
Tickets, 5s., 3s., and 1s. each, at Austin's, St. James's Hall.

M. SAINTON'S FOURTH and LAST SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place on Wednesday, April 23, at his Residence, 5 Upper Wimpole Street, at half-past 8 o'clock.

Programme—Quintet in A, Mendelssohn; Trio, Silas; Quartet, No. 6, B flat, Beethoven; Songs, Haydn, Costa, H. Smart, Mad. Sainton-Dolby; Solos, Pianoforte, Violoncello.

Executants—MM. SAINTON, POLLITZER, DOYLE, W. H. HANN, PAQUE. Pianist—Mr. E. SILAS.
Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at M. Sainton's Residence, and at the principal Musicellers.

MISS GRACE DELAFIELD begs to announce that her First CONCERT will take place at Myddelton Hall, Islington, on Thursday Evening, April 24, commencing at 8 o'clock.

Vocalists—Mrs. HARRIETTE LEE, Mrs. HELEN PERCY and Miss GRACE DELAFIELD; Mr. WILBYE COOPER, Mr. CHAPLIN HENRY and Mr. FRANK MURRAY.
Instrumentalists—Violin, Herr LEOPOLD SILBERBERG; Pianoforte, Mr. GEORGE LAKE.

Conductors—Mr. GEORGE LAKE and Mr. HENRY GADSBY.
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No. 16.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—A GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place on Friday, May 9, in which the Military Band of Messrs. Broadwood & Sons' manufactory will perform, under the direction of the Bandmaster, Mr. Sullivan.

The following Eminent Artists will appear—Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY, Miss ROBERTINE HENDERSON, Mr. WILBYE COOPER, Mr. WALLWORTH, M. SAINTON, Herr PAUER, Messrs. WALTER MACFARREN, LOUIS RIES, ADOLPH RIES, VIEUXTEMPS and others, who will be duly announced.

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MRS. HELEN PERCY will Sing HENRY SMART's Popular Ballad, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Myddelton Hall, Thursday, April 24.

THE MISSES HILES will Sing the Duet for Soprano and Contralto, "OH! GLORIOUS AGE OF CHIVALRY," from Howard Glover's popular Operetta of "Once Too Often," at the Vocal Association on Wednesday Evening.

MR. EMILE BERGER will Play his popular Solos, "LES ECHOS DE LONDRES," "VIENI VIENI," and "THE WRECK," at Mrs. Meerest's First Soirée Musicale, April 30.

MR. TENNANT will Sing "A YOUNG AND ARTLESS MAIDEN," from Howard Glover's popular Operetta, "Once Too Often," at Chatham, April 22.

HERR FORMES will Sing his popular Song, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at the Vocal Association, on Wednesday Evening.

MR. WILBYE COOPER will Sing "THE RETURN," Composed expressly for him by J. L. HATTON, at Myddelton Hall, on April 24, and at St. James's Hall, May 10.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO will RETURN to London for the Season, on the 26th inst., and make their *début* in "Semiramide," at Her Majesty's Theatre, May 1.
Applications, relative to Engagements for public and private concerts, to be addressed to Mr. Land, 4 Cambridge Place, Regent's Park.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL has ARRIVED in Town for the Season.
For Harmonium Lessons or Engagements, address Herr Engel, 57 Brompton Square, S. W.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS will RETURN to London on Monday, April 28. All Letters to be addressed to his Residence, 4 Torrington Street, Russell Square.
Paris, April 18.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has REMOVED to No. 26 Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

MR. GEORGE HOGARTH, Secretary to the Philharmonic Society, begs to announce that he has Removed to No. 1 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

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Reviews.

"*Old English Ditties*, selected from W. Chappell's '*Popular Music of the Olden Time*,' with a new introduction"—the long ballads compressed and occasionally new words written by JOHN OXENFORD; the symphonies and accompaniments by G. A. MACFARREN (Cramer, Beale & Wood).

"*Popular Music of the Olden Time*" is, as every one at all interested in the history of the "divine art" must be aware, the title of Mr. William Chappell's able and comprehensive work on the earlier melodies of England—that is of England proper, without reference to Ireland, Wales, or Scotland. Perhaps no Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries has rendered a more important service to the cause on behalf of which that body was instituted than Mr. Chappell. But, exclusively of archaeological considerations, all lovers of our national music, all who believe with Mr. Chappell that England has a musical future just as surely as she can boast a musical past, are indebted to the elaborate research and indefatigable zeal which have helped this worthy and industrious explorer in the successful accomplishment of his self-imposed labour. He has shown that we possess as rich a mine of national tune as any of our neighbours, and therefore the germ of a national school of art; while in the course of his inquiry he has sifted to the bottom and decided in our favour not a few moot questions which prove our inheritance to be even larger than the warmest advocates of the musical claims of England had previously imagined. Many exquisite melodies, for a long time attributed to the medieval invention of other countries, are now admitted on unobjectionable grounds to be of English origin; and if occasionally enthusiasm for his task has led Mr. Chappell to be somewhat over-partial to his especial hobby, and occasionally a little more than necessarily censorious with regard to previous writers, his predecessors (and more particularly to the by no means inestimable Dr. Burney), he has on the other hand, displayed an amount of critical intelligence, observation, and historical acumen which, coupled with honest national pride, and an earnest desire to get at the truth, in every doubtful point, entitles him to unanimous sympathy, and must win for his really useful book the unreserved confidence of posterity.

One of the first results of Mr. Chappell's researches has been the re-popularization of a vast quantity of melodies which, however genuine and beautiful, had in the majority of instances passed into oblivion. The chief arena for these revivals was naturally the concert-room: and so great has been the favour elicited, almost without exception, that a new impetus may be said to have been given to the expression of public feeling. The airs are, not inaptly, divided by Mr. Chappell into four categories—the pastoral, or sentimental, generally addressed to the fair sex, and about which poets have raved; the patriotic, Bacchanalian, &c., which, pitched in a more vigorous tone, bear no reference to lover's sighs or the incomparable perfections of their tormentors; the historical, traditional, and legendary, many of which have descended to us from the wandering minstrels themselves, and as an example of which may be cited the interminable ballad of "Chevy Chase;" and, lastly, the dance melodies—hornpipes, minuets, jigs, roundels, and musettes, or bagpipe tunes, in which England is probably wealthier than any other nation. In preparing the anecdotal and vocal entertainment, which, some time ago,—under the

name of *Popular Music of the Olden Time*—attracted such general attention at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, recourse was only had to the first three of these—the last, although words have been fitted to many of the tunes, being for the most part ostensibly dedicated to other than purely lyric purposes. At the Monday Popular Concerts the feeling was continued (not revived—inasmuch as it has never slumbered since Mr. Chappell first awakened it), and now at the present moment not a few of our old ballads contend in public favour with the most widely popular of those songs which obtain currency through the irresistible medium of the Theatre.

As partners in Mr. Chappell's laudable (may we not fairly add *patriotic*?) work, Mr. John Oxenford, who has not only "modernised" in some instances, and condensed in others, many of the old songs with admirable judgment, but has frequently supplied wholly new words, and Mr. Macfarren, who has put accompaniments (masterpieces in every sense) to all of them—or at least to all included in the handsome volume which, under the title of *Old English Ditties*, lies before us—may claim a consideration only inferior to that extended to himself. We should like to quote some dozen of Mr. Oxenford's songs, but must content ourselves with a single (and, unhappily, a very brief) example. The tune (dated by Mr. Chappell 'about 1600') is as follows:—

The musical notation is for a single melodic line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). The second staff continues: C4 (half), D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes). The third staff continues: F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half), C4 (half), D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter). The fourth staff concludes: A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half), C4 (half). The word 'BURDEN.' is written above the end of the second staff, and 'Hey' is written above the end of the third staff.

down, hey down, hey down a down, Hey der-ry der-ry down a down,
Down a down, hey down a down, hey der-ry der-ry down.

To this fine and truly English old melody Mr. Macfarren has fitted vigorous and truly English harmony, and Mr. Oxenford has set words that might have belonged to the period, only that there were not many poets capable of writing them:—

"Cold 's the wind and wet 's the rain,
Old Winter's voice we hear;
Yet cheerful hearts will ne'er complain
Whate'er the time of year.
Hey down, &c.

"Winter's voice is sharp and rough,
But quail not at the sound;
By merry laughs, if loud enough,
The grumbler's threats are drowned.
Hey down, &c.

"Winter's breath is sharp and chill,
It nips the tender skin;
But trust me, friends, it never will
Assail the heart within.
Hey down, &c.

"*Hope the Hermit*" even better deserves to be quoted; but, alas! we have only space to say that it is worthy of any poet whose works we have had the good fortune to read.

Old English Ditties is enriched with a new preface by Mr. Chappell, written in good vigorous Saxon, full of interesting research, and as thoroughly convincing as it is elaborate and eloquent. In short, the volume is an offshoot from the original work (*Popular Music of the Olden Time*), and, in its way, as invaluable.

"*Fantasia on Airs from Benedict's Opera, The Lily of Killarny*," for the pianoforte; "*Ricordanza from Benedict's Opera, The Lily of Killarny*," for the pianoforte—by G. A. OSBORNE (Chappell & Co).

That so accomplished a "transcriber" as Mr. G. A. Osborne, working on such attractive materials as are spread over every page of Mr. Benedict's New Opera, should produce something more than usually engaging, will be easily credited. In the "*Fantasia*" the melodies are "Eily Mavourneen" and the "Hunting Chorus," which contrast admirably, and are gracefully interwoven with Mr. Osborne's own ingenious embellishments. For the "*Ricordanza*" Mr. Osborne has chosen Myles na Coppaleen's air, "It is a charming girl I love," and "The Cruiskeen Lawn." Both pieces are showy and brilliant, well written (need we have said that?), and lie conveniently for the hands of players of moderate skill.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THERE is far more significance than is generally supposed in the oft-quoted words of the Mantuan poet:—

"Facilis descensus Averni."

Let us attempt to disguise the fact as we will, I fear that our downward inclination is very decided, at all times, and under all circumstances. The law of gravitation exists, I believe, as surely for the mind as for the body. The tendency to fall is equally strong in both. Human nature has a partiality for going wrong, even when there is nothing to be gained by the process. That a horse who has once stopped to take a draught from the water trough, and indulge in a feed of corn at any particular roadside inn, should ever afterwards wish to stay for refreshments at the latter, or even that the horse's master should get into the habit of strolling inside the inn, and taking his little refreshment (in a liquid form), while the horse is discussing the corn outside—that horse or man should do this, I affirm, is not at all astonishing, and is by no means indicative of any proclivity towards, and delight in, wrong, unless, perhaps, in the eyes of Mr. Gough and his disciples, who might object to the amount of alcohol consumed on such occasions as those to which I refer by the biped; but what is astonishing—aye, and very astonishing—is that an educated and intelligent gentleman, one of the first actors in Paris, should, during the whole run of the *Tour de Nesle* at the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, have said every night, with a stern defiance of Noël and Chapsal, "Je voierai," instead of "Je verrai," to correct himself the moment he had made the mistake. Why did he sing "Je voierai?" Every evening, when he went on the stage, he firmly resolved he would give the correct future of the verb "voir" in a manner that would gratify even Napoleon Landais himself, or rather themselves, for I have been informed that Napoleon Landais is not one grammarian, but several grammarians. But my histrionic friend did not give the correct future. He had said "Je voierai" at the first representation, and, as I have already stated, he continued to do so, although he knew that his brother actors were waiting for him to repeat his mistake, in order that they might make merry at his expense. How is this to be accounted for?—By the law of moral gravity, to which I have alluded; by our downward tendency to wrong, even though nothing is to be gained by it—but loss (as our talented and respected friend, Bryan, would observe, supposing the thought struck him, which, in all probability, it would not). Now this case of my acquaintance at the Porte St. Martin is not a solitary one. If it had been, I should have passed it over in silence, but I mentioned it because it illustrates a principle—because it is part and parcel of a system common to all humanity, because, in fact, a perfectly analogous phenomenon takes place at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, whenever Meyerbeer's opera of *Le Prophète* is performed. This work was not well done when first produced, and for that reason, I suppose, has never been well done since. And yet it is played by the same singers who bring the house down in *Les*

Huguenots; by the same instrumentalists who are encored in the overture of *Robert*; by the same choristers who almost equal the solo singers in *Dinorah*. But what of that? They said, one and all, "Je voierai" the first night, and "Je voierai" they will stick to till the end of the chapter. I am sorry to add that the general unsatisfactory nature of the performance was not redeemed by Herr Ferenczy, as John of Leyden. This gentleman, as I think I told you in my last letter, has good natural qualities, but they have not, unfortunately, been properly developed. Herr Ferenczy, however, received a fair amount of applause, part of which was attributable perhaps to the fact that he was a "Gast," literally a "guest." And what, some of your readers may inquire, is a "Gast?" For their benefit I will explain what the word means. It is sometimes equivalent to our term a "star," and sometimes it means only an artist who is engaged to play a certain number of nights on trial, and is not a regular member of the company. Is it necessary to remark that in very many instances a "Gast" is anything but a "star?" After this parenthetical explanation, I must inform you that the part of Bertha was sung by Mlle. Pollack, who, by the way, shortly leaves to enrol herself in the ranks of the German operatic troupe at Rotterdam. Gallantry towards the fair sex induces me to hope she may be more successful there than she has been here. To achieve so desirable a consummation, however, she must greatly improve her style, which at present is not first-rate.

A far more agreeable performance than the one I have just chronicled, was that of *L'Elisir d'Amore*, by Donizetti. Mlle. Artôt* produced a great sensation as Adine, and the public were profuse in their manifestations of delight and approbation, applauding the fair young artist to the echo. Herr Theodor Formes had a stern ordeal to go through, as Nemorino, by the side of so brilliant and captivating an Adine, but he triumphantly overcame all the difficulties of his task, es-

* The night of the 10th instant was a great night for the Royal Opera House. Long before the hour for opening the doors, a compact crowd of pedestrians was gathered around the entrances to the building, while strings of carriages, fading away into the far distance, blocked up all the roads leading thereto. Politics, just now an all-absorbing topic, appeared temporarily forgotten in one engrossing event, and that was the first *début* of Mlle. Désirée Artôt at the first operatic theatre in Berlin. Report had said so much in favour of the fair young artist that public expectation was excited to the utmost, and public expectation in this instance was destined to be completely satisfied. The part selected by Mlle. Artôt was that of Marie, in Donizetti's comic opera, *La Fille du Régiment*, or, as the German playbills have it, *Die Regimentstochter*. A happier selection it would have been impossible to make, as was evident before the *débutante* had been twenty minutes on the stage. The public threw off, for the nonce, their Teutonic lethargy, and abandoned themselves to the most enthusiastic manifestations of approval, clapping their hands and stamping their feet, till the large gazelier above them vibrated again, like some person nodding his head, in token of acquiescence in their sentiments. Not only was Mlle. Artôt irreproachable in her singing of the part, but she acted it to perfection, giving the German dialogue with the most charming *naïveté*. Since the time of Jenny Lind, such a Marie has never been seen on the German stage, for the character is eminently French, and a French artist, when so highly gifted as Mlle. Artôt, is, above all others, suited by nature to represent it. Some persons here, and among them several distinguished critics, are even inclined to rank her rendering of the character higher than that of the Swedish Nightingale herself. This is a point I will not pretend to decide. I merely state a fact. It is asserted, by the persons to whom I have referred, that what in Jenny Lind was the result of patient study and mature reflection, is in the case of Mlle. Artôt the inevitable and spontaneous consequence of warm, glowing feeling and the most finished good taste, surprising and disarming even criticism itself, and entitling their fair and accomplished possessor to be held up as a model to all her German sisters in art. Her voice was a little fatigued, from slight indisposition, but, despite of this, she achieved an immense triumph, and with consummate art concealed from the ears of all except of the most practised musician that there was anything the matter with her. Sergeant Sulpice found an admirable representative in Herr Bost. Herr Krüger was to have appeared, but was prevented by hoarseness from so doing. After the performance there was but one opinion: that Mlle. Artôt is one of the first living dramatic vocalists; and but one hope—that she will prove herself, on classic ground, the worthy pupil of her eminent mistress, Mad. Viardot, and soon appear in such characters as Orpheus, Donna Anna, Iphigenia, Valentine, and Fides. Berlin, that was the first to appreciate her truly, would only be too delighted to applaud her efforts in the highest creations of dramatic music.—(Extract from a private letter.)

pecially the transpositions in the concerted pieces with Mlle. Artôt. Herr Betz was not equal to the character of the gay and dashing Sergeant Belcore, either as regards the singing or the acting; while Herr Bost, as that prince of quacks, Dulcamarra, although not bad, suffered terribly, as far as I, at least, was concerned, from the recollection of Ronconi, the Inimitable, in the same part. Luckily for Herr Bost, however, the Berlin public are not as well acquainted with the great Italian buffo as I am.

In addition to the two operas I have named, we have had Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, Weber's *Freischütz*, and Méhul's *Joseph*. Mad. Braunhofer sang, for the first time, the part of the Queen of Night in *Die Zauberflöte*, and right well did she do so. Her voice is of great compass, and enabled her to give all the difficult music in the original key. Her *staccato* and *bravura* passages, also, were highly satisfactory. Altogether she vindicated her right to be considered as one of the few efficient representatives of the part. I only wish, though, the good Berliners could hear our own gifted Louisa Pyne in it.

The Italian company at Kroll's Theatre is not doing much. It is vegetating, and that is about all. Nor is this wonderful, for the artists are but mediocre, the best among them being the prima donna, Signora Merca, and the barytone, Signor Massiani. Their repertory is mostly composed of the lighter operas of Bellini and Donizetti. They leave soon for Königsberg.

I was present, a short time since, at a trial performance of Kotzolt's Vocal Conservatory, which—either the "trial performance," or the "Vocal Conservatory," at your choice—was, on the whole, satisfactory. Although founded only a twelvemonth, or thereabouts, the Society is very flourishing. The performance commenced with various *solfeggios* by Minoja, Nava, etc., which were given, *unisono*, partly by all the pupils, and partly by the sopranos and contraltos, in such a manner as to afford conclusive evidence of careful training, and to produce a favourable impression. Then came eight solos, namely: 1, "Die Taubenpost," a simple song, sung by Mlle. Kotzolt, who possesses a pleasing voice, which promises, if properly cultivated, great facility of execution. 2, "Canzonetta" in D minor, by Gordigiani, well sung by Mlle. Elster. This young lady's voice is strong and pleasing. Her pronunciation of the words is very distinct, but her intonation is, at present, uncertain, a defect, however, which may be remedied. No. 3, "Nachtlied," by Mendelssohn, sung by Mlle. Scheel, who, like her immediate predecessor, was rather uncertain in her intonation. Her voice is deep and full, though, at times, somewhat husky. No. 4, A song in B flat major, by Reissiger. The vocalist was Mlle. von Herzberg, who has a fine contralto, and sang with great feeling and simplicity. The above young ladies, all belonging to the elementary class, by a carefully cultivated *portamento*, give promise of turning out accomplished singers. Mlle. Reinecke was the first among the more advanced pupils. She has a deep, strong, flexible voice, and sang a song by Schubert most effectively. Mlle. Ronneburger is a high soprano, distinguished, at present, for a somewhat disagreeable sharpness of tone, which, however, may, with care, be softened down. Mlle. Carlberg sang the last air of Susanna in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Her voice is strong and agreeable, and her style highly satisfactory. The trial performance was brought to a conclusion by a trio from the *Zauberflöte*, in which Mad. Promnitz proved herself the most accomplished member of the institution. She sang with deep feeling, united to certainty and correctness. Her voice is full and sympathetic, reminding the hearer very forcibly of that of Mad. Harriers-Wipern. This ended the proceedings, which afforded much gratification to every one concerned, listeners as well as executants.

The brothers Ganz lately gave a Soirée, which was excellently attended—a fact to be attributed, I should say, to the reputation of the concert-givers, rather than to the attractions of the programme, in which the name of Moritz Ganz appeared as that of the composer of no less than five works, differing greatly in artistic value. With all due deference to Herr Moritz Ganz, I cannot help thinking this was somewhat too much of a good thing. Enough is as good as a feast. The concert began with two movements from Mendelssohn's fine Trio in C minor, played by Herr Rehfeld, Herr Moritz Ganz, and Herr Eduard Ganz, in such a manner as to cause a feeling of universal regret that the work had not been given entire. Mad. Cass sang the *arioso*, in F sharp minor, from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, with charming expression and artistic finish, so delighting the audience that her re-appearance scarcely sufficed to put an end to their applause. Herr Wowski also distinguished himself in a song, the name of which I forget. I only recollect there was an *obbligato* violoncello accompaniment in Herr Moritz Ganz's best style. The latter's composition, a concerto in A sharp major, and "Der Traum," a fantasia, were highly interesting. Anything more unsystematic than this same "Traum," it is impossible to conceive. It begins in D minor and ends in G major, and between these two extremes gambols through the whole series of known keys, with melodies

and phrases. Thus, after D minor we have—G major (reminding one rather too forcibly of the beginning of the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*), E major, C major, C minor, E flat minor, B flat minor, E flat major, etc. Herr Eduard Ganz performed Beethoven's E minor Sonata, Op. 90, and a transcription of the song "Santa Lucia," by W. Ganz. He was warmly applauded, and recalled to bow his thanks.

At the fifth Sinfonien-Soirée of the Royal Chapel, we had the Symphony No. 5 in C minor, by Spohr, the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Mendelssohn, the overture to *Coriolanus*, by Beethoven, and Mozart's Symphony in C major. All these works were executed most admirably, and afforded a highly intellectual treat to an appreciative, because intelligent, audience.

At a *Matinée Musicale* last week, I had again an opportunity of hearing Herr Reinhard Richter, who increased the favourable impression he had previously produced at the recent performance given by Professor Kullack's pupils, and which, unless I am grievously mistaken, I noticed in due course. Although I must frankly confess that, as yet, I cannot acknowledge Herr Richter's style to be that of a finished artist, and cannot refrain from impressing on him that his rendering of the *Cantilena* is deficient in repose and dignity, I am bound to say that he possesses decided talent, and will, if he conscientiously devote his energies to the task, one day take an honourable place among his contemporaries. At the *Matinée* in question, he played a portion of Mendelssohn's violin-concerto, Beethoven's Romance in G major, and a fantasia on the Austrian National Hymn, by Léonard. He was much applauded. His coadjutors were the sisters Lie and Herr von der Osten.

Römer's Gesangverein have given a concert for charitable purposes. The Society boasts of a tolerably long list of members, who certainly sing with a will, as the saying is. But that is not sufficient. They must study a good deal before they can enter the lists with the members of other societies of a similar nature here. Let us hope they will do so.

The longest, and, perhaps the best, all things considered, of recent concerts, was that given last week by the members of the Frauenverein, or Ladies' Union, for the benefit of the Gustavus-Adolphus Fund. The mixture of heterogeneous elements in the programme, however, was, I am inclined to think, a mistake, for the severe music of the church is not in its place side by side with the light and, too frequently, frivolous compositions of the fashionable *salon*. The Royal Domchor sang four sacred songs, the gems of which, Meyerbeer's "Pater noster," and Mozart's "Ave verum," opened the concert with *éclat*. Mlle. Reiss followed with Handel's air, "Ich weiss' dass mein Erlöser lebt" (I know that my Redeemer liveth). Despite many good qualities—among others, great feeling—she did not please me. She indulged in a vast amount of inappropriate ornamentation, and got involved in an insupportably slow tempo, to extricate her from which all the efforts of Herr Dorn himself, who accompanied her, were unavailing. I must, in justice, state, however, that to make up for her failure in this instance, she sang an air by Rossini charmingly. Mlle. Harff played the piano part in a trio by Mozart, in which, as well as in Chopin's grand "Polonaise" in A major, she proved herself to be a pianist of no mean ability. Herr Reményi fully sustained his reputation as a violinist, while the mode in which Servais' "Lestoeq-Fantasia" was rendered by Herr Steffens, from St. Petersburg, stamped him as one of the first violoncellists of the day. Altogether the concert was, as it deserved to be, a great success.

The last of the series of Soirées given by Herren G. Lange and Oertling afforded me an opportunity of hearing Herr Rubinstein's Trio in B flat, and Schumann's grand Quintet, the latter of which pleased the audience more than the former. Mlle. Hauscheck was the vocalist, and sang Beethoven's "Ah, perfido" with admirable affect. These Soirées have, I think, established themselves firmly in public favour, and I entertain no doubt that Herren Lange and Oertling will resume them next year.

Erk's Gesangverein have just given a concert, which was as well attended as usual. The members sang their national songs with a fair amount of success, but did not acquit themselves as well as they generally do. They were deficient in precision and spirit. I am afraid this is attributable to an insufficient number of rehearsals. Mlle. Prager displayed considerable excellence in her execution of Stephen Heller's Transcription of the "Saterello," from Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony*.

It is reported, how truly I know not, that Mlle. de Ahna will shortly secede from the Royal Opera House, in consequence of a refusal on the part of the management to comply with the terms she asks for a fresh engagement. Mlle. Artôt is about to set out, on a starring tour, for Königsberg, Prague and Pesth, where she will, doubtless, be as successful as she has been here.

Having now exhausted all my news, I have only to add

VALE.

In this illustration it is observable that there is an interval at the end of each line where it is necessary to allow the rhythmical evolutions of accent and fall to *silently* proceed, before the simultaneous utterance of syllables is again conjoined to them, in order to produce the rhythmical series ("feet" or "bars") of the next line in exact coincidence with those constituting the metrical space of the preceding line. But, in the musical illustration last adduced there is no interval of unuttered accentuation; in this case the recitation of the second line may be commenced upon the very *next* rhythmical impression to that which concludes the rhythmical series of the first line, consistent with the order, in which the series of rhythmical impressions are produced in both lines, exactly coinciding. Here we have the explanation why, in the recitation of the passage of poetry accruing to the first adduced of the two illustrations we are speaking of, there is a *moral* necessity to make a "pause" at the end of each line; whilst in the utterance of lines, such as those accruing to the last adduced illustration, the delivery may uninterrupted proceed, and connect all the lines of poetry involved into one sustained and totally undiverted strain of speech, as far as physical conditions permit. And thus we perceive the reason of the aptitude of this order of rhythmical design for containing poetical passages of a rapidly-narrative character, involving swift and vigorous utterance. In fact, it may be generally asserted, that in the "Musical" interpretation of any passage of poetry, wherever at the end of a line there is required an interval of unuttered accentuation, before the following line can be conjoined to its appropriate rhythmical accompaniment, in such a case there will inevitably be a sympathetic and moral necessity to make a pause at the end of the line in the "Poetical" recitation of the passage.

We have now seen that the property of "Time" in music is very strikingly indicated in the effect of "Rhythm" in poetry, and that also there may be observed in poetry very intelligible though simple examples of the *phraseological* constructions of "Music." In the following example may be perceived, just foreshadowed in poetry, that change in the rhythmical basis, and consequently in the general character of musical expression, termed change in "Movement":—

* * * * *

And oft around the cavern fire
On visionary schemes debate,
To snatch the Rayahs from their fate—
So let them ease their hearts with prate
Of equal rights which man ne'er knew;
I have a love for freedom, too.

Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam,
Or only know on land the Tartar's home.

With reference to the musical illustrations which have been here given, let it be understood that they are not intended to convey the idea of any effect of *musical sound*, although, as they really stand, they do literally represent certain musical sounds. It is only the abstract rhythmical impressions they represent that are here intended to be taken account of. The musical system of "Time" is calculated to represent every effect of accentuation and of rhythmical design that can possibly be conceived, and, under the great and inscrutable law of natural propriety, there is ordained a particular stage in the development of this general principle of rhythm at which it must put on the vesture of musical sound. It is only through the early portion of its progress, in its simpler exemplifications, where it is calculated to be accompanied by that species of sound, appropriate for forming human language. In its elaborate developments it relinquishes this dull and mixed effect, and demands to be enrolled in the purer, clearer, more positive, and spiritual medium of musical sound.*

It may also be remarked, with reference to this system of measuring and interpreting effects of rhythm in poetry by the method of "Time" in music, generally, that it is not assumed to be a perfectly appropriate system, inasmuch that it is calculated to embrace the more elaborate developments of the principle of rhythm, and consequently to refer mostly to that species of sound adapted to form music, not poetry. It is a machinery, if anything, too important for the occasion. But it is the only apparatus containing the right key to the subject, and the only system that completely grasps it.

By the light of these recent considerations we cannot avoid perceiving the unimportant but rather irreverent fact, that all that enjoyment which classical scholars profess to derive out of the *pure metrical charm* of ancient Greek and Latin poems, must be purely imaginary. If, as doubtless is the case, there really exists in these poems latent and inherent metrical charm, this must have been imparted to them, as only

true rhythmical effect can be imparted, from that innate instinct of "Time," that latent feeling for musical effect, in the breast, which, being part of the general endowment of man's nature, has doubtless in all ages exhibited itself. But, in working its expression upon the surface medium of language, it is evident that only in that variety of aural effect involved in the actual pronunciation of a language can this instinct become visible; only in the motion and undulation attending the actual life of language can the very bases for effects of rhythm, the precise points of position for the accent and fall of numbers, be determined. When, however, the pronunciation of a language has been swept away by time, the very foundations of all original rhythmical design in that language must also lie buried. How impossible, then, where this has been the case, when the actual pronunciation of the language in which a poem was written is completely forgotten, to even catch a broken murmur proceeding from the now dumb and still tide of accentuation! As well attempt to perceive, as from the sea, the crested verdure and rivers of a distant continent before its mountains and valleys are visible.

(To be continued.)

DUSSEK'S PLUS ULTRA.—"This was altogether a truly great performance, but still not finer than Miss Arabella Goddard's rendering of Dussek's 'Plus Ultra,' which is as superior to the 'Ne Plus Ultra' of Woelfl (to rival which it is supposed to have been written) as sunlight to fireworks. How chastely and beautifully she sang on her instrument the lovely second subject of the first movement; with what clearness, accent, and force she gave the ascending syncopated melodic outline, and its accompanying florid passages divided between both hands, which follow this second subject; how sweetly, tenderly, and passionately she rendered the delightful *adagio*, the exquisite delicacy and fancy that characterised her performance of the dreamy and poetical *scherzo*, together with the spirit and refined taste which distinguished her reading of the sportive and elegant *finale*, would tempt us to write an eulogistic essay, if time, space, and the patience of our readers might permit it. The simple statement, however, that this was one of the very finest specimens of pianoforte playing we ever listened to must suffice. Miss Arabella Goddard, with all her long list of artistic successes, never distinguished herself more honourably."—*Morning Post*.

THE "CORNHILL MAGAZINE."—Mr. Thackeray concludes his editorship of this periodical with the following address:—"To Contributors and Correspondents.—March 18, 1862.—Ladies and gentlemen (who will continue in spite of the standing notice below to send papers to the editor's private residence), perhaps you will direct the postman to some other house when you learn that the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* no longer lives in mine. My esteemed successor lives at No. . . ., but I will not intrude upon the poor man's brief interval of quiet. He will have troubles enough in that thorn-cushioned editorial chair which is forwarded to him by the Parcels' (Happy) Delivery Company. In our first number, ladies and gentlemen, your obedient servant likened himself to the captain of a ship, to which and whom I wished a pleasant voyage. Pleasant! Those who have travelled on shipboard know what a careworn, oppressed, uncomfortable man the captain is. Meals disturbed, quiet impossible, rest interrupted,—such is the lot of captains. This one resigns his commission. I had rather have a quiet life than gold lace and epaulets; and deeper than did ever plummet sound I fling my speaking-trumpet. Once in a voyage to America I met a sea captain who was passenger in the ship which he formerly had commanded. No man could be more happy, cheerful, courteous than this. He rode through the gale with the most perfect confidence in the ship and its captain; he surveyed the storm as being another gentleman's business; and his great delight was to be called at his watch, to invoke a blessing on the steward's boy who woke him, and to turn round in his crib and go to sleep again. Let my successor command the *Cornhill*, giving me always a passage on board; and if the printer's boy rings at my door of an early morning, with a message that there are three pages wanting, or four too much, I will send out my benediction to that printer's boy, and take t'other half-hour's dose. Though editor no more, I hope long to remain a contributor to my friend's magazine. I believe my own special readers will agree that my books will not suffer when their author is released from the daily task of reading, accepting, refusing, losing and finding the works of other people. To say "No" has often cost me a morning's peace and a day's work. I tremble *recenti metu*. Oh, those hours of madness, spent in searching for Louisa's lost lines to her dead piping bullfinch! or Nhoj Senoj's mislaid essay! I tell them for the last time that the (late) editor will not be responsible for rejected communications, and herewith send off the chair and the great *Cornhill Magazine* tin-box with its load of care. While the present tale of

* The precise circumstances of this chrysalis-like change in the progress of the principle of rhythm, from its earthly probation in human language to its winged state of music, are defined in "The Philosophy of Music."

"Philip" is passing through the press, I am preparing another, on which I have worked at intervals for many years past, and which I hope to introduce in the ensuing year; and I have stipulated for the liberty of continuing the little essays which have amused the public and the writer, and which I propose to contribute from time to time to the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*."

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

Regent Street and Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

EIGHTY-SECOND CONCERT, ON MONDAY

Evening, April 21, 1862, on which occasion

HERR JOACHIM

Will make his Sixth Appearance at these Concerts.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in C, No. 77, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (First time at the Monday Popular Concerts), MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEU, H. WEBB, and PLATTI (Haydn). Song, "The Winter's Walk," Mlle. FLORENCE LANCIA (Schubert). Romance, "The Colleen Bawn," *The Lily of Killarney*, Mr. SANTLEY (Benedict). Sonata Patetique, in E flat, Op. 13 (by des re), Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ (Beethoven).

PART II.—Chaconne, in D minor, for Violin Solo (Repeated by general desire), Herr JOACHIM (J. S. Bach). Song, "I'm alone," *The Lily of Killarney*, Mlle. FLORENCE LANCIA (J. Benedict). Stornello, "Giovinetto dalla bella voce," Mr. Santley (Angelo Mariani). Sonata in A, Op. 47, for Pianoforte and Violin (dedicated to Kreutzer), Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ and Herr JOACHIM (Beethoven).

Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. To commence at eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption.

* Between the last vocal piece and the Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, an interval of Five Minutes will be allowed. The Concert will finish before half-past ten o'clock.

N.B. The Programme of every Concert will henceforward include a detailed analysis, with illustrations in musical type, of the Sonata for Pianoforte alone, at the end of Part I.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

A few Sofa Stalls, near the Piano, 10s. 6d.

Tickets to be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; CHAPPELL & Co., 50 New Bond Street, and the principal Music-sellers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN ENGLISH COMPOSER.—Yes and no. The "farewell" addressed was as subjoined:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—The conclusion of our sixth season again devolves on us the pleasing task of thanking you, and all our liberal supporters, and though for a time an unavoidable gloom was cast over us in the irreparable loss of that great patron to us, and all sciences, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, depriving us of that gracious presence which has hitherto shed a lustre over our proceedings, and given a zest to all our undertakings, we are still happy to announce a successful termination to this our English operatic season, during which we have produced (what has hitherto been unprecedented in theatrical annals) three new and original English operas, with that careful completeness which we trust has always characterised our management.—*Ruy Blas*, by Howard Glover, *The Puritan's Daughter*, by M. W. Balfe, *The Lily of Killarney*, by Jules Benedict; and a fourth opera, by W. Vincent Wallace would have been brought out, but that the long run of the above-mentioned operas, owing to their great success, precluded the possibility of so doing this season: it will, however, be the first novelty offered to the public in the ensuing one, when we trust that the Royal English Opera may find a prominent position amongst our national exhibitions. We think it necessary to observe, our anxiety to keep faith with the public is such, that (although at a great expense) on the very last night of the season we produce Mr. F. Clay's operetta *Court and Cottage*, intended to be produced on the 15th inst., which, if successful (and, from the acknowledged talent of the composer and librettist, we cannot doubt it) would have reimbursed us, but for an unfortunate circumstance, over which we had no control. In bidding you farewell, we beg to return especial thanks to our kind supporters, our subscribers, the nobility, gentry, the public, and the press, and to assure them that, aided by their generous assistance, we will continue indefatigable in our endeavours to uphold the great cause we have, at so much risk, undertaken, the establishing a "Royal English Opera." With heartfelt thanks to each and all until next season, we beg most respectfully to wish you adieu.

"LOUISA PYNE,
WILLIAM HARRISON, } Managers."

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor,

care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1862.

IT is feared that the "music" for the opening of the International Exhibition may not, in the end, precisely realise what the public has been given to expect. We allude to the compositions merely, inasmuch as, about the execution—with Mr. Costa (supported by the Sacred Harmonic Society) for Director—there need be no apprehension. Doubts, however, are entertained (if "Rumour" is to be credited), whether the work prepared for the occasion (at the express invitation of the Commissioners) by Sig. Verdi (representing "Italy"), or the cantata by Mr. Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate, and Dr. Sterndale Bennett, Cambridge Musical Professor (representing "England"), can be produced at all. In that case MM. Meyerbeer and Auber ("Germany" and "France") will have to "walk over the course," in a friendly "dead heat."

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "Patriot," is desirous to know why, if there had been a necessity to engage an English *prima donna* at the Royal Italian Opera, Miss Louisa Pyne was not selected in place of Mlle. Gordosa (*anglicè*, Miss Botibol). We cannot answer his question. Perhaps it never occurred to the director of the great establishment in Covent Garden to connect Miss Louisa Pyne's name with Italian Opera, even when he preferred Mr. Santley before continental barytones. Perhaps Miss Louisa Pyne never contemplated the Italian stage, and would have rejected the offer of the manager, since there can be no question of her succeeding greatly on any operatic stage. If English artists are to form part of an Italian company, the best no doubt should be chosen, and Miss Louisa Pyne beyond all comparison is the best; and, indeed, now that "Patriot" has brought the subject to our mind's eye, we see no reason why Miss Pyne should not be at one or the other of the Italian operas. Were the grand lyric drama the sole or principal staple of the performances at these establishments, we should hesitate before suggesting Miss Pyne as *prima donna*; but when such works as *Dinorah*, *Martha*, *Fra Diavolo*, the *Elisir d'Amore*, &c., are in such vogue, our recommendation is strong, as no living vocalist can sing the music with more delightful voice or greater finish. Certainly it does seem an anomaly that French artists of far inferior talent should have the preference; but we must even suppose that it is the singer's own fault. "Patriot" may be reminded that Miss Louisa Pyne had sung some years ago at the Royal Italian Opera, on one occasion, as the Queen of Night in the *Zauberflöte*, when Mlle. Anna Zerr could not appear, and that Miss Louisa Pyne's success was indisputable. But this may be advanced as an additional reason why our English *prima donna* should go to Covent Garden. At all events, that such a singer should be overlooked for one of such pretensions as Mlle. Gordosa, must surprise all who give attention to the matter.

But why endeavour to elucidate the mysteries of operatic

management? Alboni is confessedly the greatest living singer, and yet room cannot be found for her either at Her Majesty's Theatre or the Royal Italian Opera. Florid barytones are the scarcest commodity in the market. Signor Belletti is a florid barytone; yet room cannot be found for him at Her Majesty's Theatre or the Royal Italian Opera. These are puzzles to the uninitiated, and which we cannot pretend to explain. If it be said that Alboni's terms are extravagant, we ask can the Théâtre Italien of Paris afford to pay a larger salary than the Royal Italian Opera? Alboni enchants the *dilettanti* of the French capital, but her place at the Operas in London—of which she was once the brightest star—is vacant. We are sorry we cannot, for "Patriot's" sake, fathom these incomprehensibilities. Meanwhile Italian opera suffers, and Rossini, despite the success of *Guillaume Tell*, is neglected.

THERE is a talk of reproducing Mozart's delicious Quintet in A major, for clarinet and stringed instruments, at one of the Monday Popular Concerts, during the progress of the International Exhibition (Mr. Lazarus, of course, to take the clarinet). *Tant mieux*. The work is a masterpiece, and above all likely to please our Parisian visitors, who, thanks to M. Pasdeloup and his "Popular (Sunday) Concerts," are already acquainted with the *larghetto* (second movement), which seemed to afford them more than ordinary satisfaction, in consequence of the "strings" being muted, while the clarinet was discoursing most eloquent music.

The Quintet in A major was composed in September 1787, two years later than the quintets for stringed instruments in C major and G minor, and about the period during which was produced the famous *Don Giovanni*. Though less elaborately written than many of the great instrumental works by which its immortal composer enriched the repertory of chamber music, this quintet shows his invention in the full vigour and richness of its maturity. Seldom has the clarinet—an instrument to which Mozart (witness the varied and admirable use he has made of it in his orchestral scores) was particularly partial—been afforded a more favourable opportunity for advantageous exhibition, in the hands of a consummate professor, than in this fresh, spontaneous, and masterly work. In every movement it is called upon to play a conspicuous part; although the exhaustless fancy of the composer, which suggested to his ever-active mind an endless variety of combinations, enabled him—while allotting to the clarinet the principal share in the quintet, just as, to compare it with a graver and at the same time more imaginative production, Hamlet may be said to play "first fiddle" in the tragedy of tragedies—to "parcel out" the other instruments so dexterously that not one is without its fair proportion of interest. In this respect the Quintet in A may be regarded as a sort of musical drama, in which the clarinet supports the character of the hero (a lover, most likely, Mozart being the author), the other personages, represented by the four stringed instruments, being grouped around the principal figure, and, as in respect and duty bound, uttering "no more than is set down for them"—so that no "necessary question" of the musical design be disturbed or interrupted. It was said that Haydn always had some regularly planned story in his head when setting about the composition of a symphony; but even more forcibly than in Haydn is this suggested by many of the instrumental works of Mozart, who, in the sphere of dramatic thought and action, infinitely surpassed his attached friend and most esteemed contemporary.

On the occasion of the first performance of the quintet in A major (at the seventh Monday Popular Concert of the second season—January 9, 1860) a morning journal wrote:

"The famous clarinet quintet, one of Mozart's latest works (written in 1787, four years before his death)—which, though 'famous,' like the solo sonatas, is very rarely heard in public—was as rich a treat to amateurs of high-class music as anything in the concert. The performance of the clarinet part (one of the most brilliant and effective extant) by Mr. Lazarus was in all respects superb. This gentleman—not only the most finished master of the instrument in England, but (although an Englishman) probably in Europe—never more incontestably maintained his right to the position he holds in the undivided opinion of connoisseurs. To say nothing of his tone and mechanism, which were, as usual, irreproachable, his manner of phrasing—never over-done, and yet never short of the requisite warmth—in its extreme purity and refinement, might have conveyed a profitable lesson to many a singer of repute."

With every syllable of which we cordially agree.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Can you inform me what has become of the English Opera Association, or why it does not, now that the proper time has arrived, withdraw the present stigma upon National English Opera? (See letter of a shareholder in *The Musical World*, Jan. 11, 1862.) The Great Exhibition will be open in May, and Drury Lane Theatre is "to let." What better time or opportunity? Are we to have an English Opera during this important period? or will Mr. Sims Reeves appear in Italian Opera at Her Majesty's, and Miss Louisa Pyne in Italian Opera at Drury Lane? Mr. Santley is already among the "foreigners" at Covent Garden.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. and Mrs. Brinley Richards are staying in Paris.

PIANOFORTE QUARTET ASSOCIATION.—A new society has been formed, under this denomination, by Messrs. Henry Baumer, Carrodus, Baetens and Pettit, who have announced a series of four *Matinées* at Collards' rooms.

Mlle. Marie Cruvelli (sister of the Baronne Vigier, ex-Sophie Cruvelli) is in London, and "will make herself heard" (French style) at the next concert of the Vocal Association.

M. STEPHEN HELLER, a composer and pianist of distinguished eminence, as all musicians and amateurs of music are aware, has arrived in London for the season. M. Heller is to play (with Mr. Charles Hallé) Mozart's sonata in E flat, for two pianofortes and orchestra, at the next concert of the Musical Society of London.

BACH'S CHACONNE IN D MINOR.—This wonderful violin piece (solo), which created such enthusiasm at one of the recent Monday Popular Concerts, is to be repeated by Herr Joachim on Monday next, at the 82nd concert. The sonata of Beethoven dedicated to Kreutzer, for pianoforte (Mr. Hallé) and violin, is also in the programme.

M. SILAS.—A new trio (in C) by this gentleman is to be a feature at the fourth and last of M. Sain-ton's very interesting *soirées*, which will also be varied by songs from Mad. Sain-ton-Dolby. Mendelssohn's delicious quintet in A major (too rarely heard—Mr. S. A. Chappell) begins the programme.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—The *Messiah* was given on Monday evening at Exeter Hall by the above society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin. The grand choruses were sung for the most part with spirit and precision. Mr. Martin's choir (thanks to his training) can sing without exaggeration. It was refreshing to hear "For unto us a child is born," given as Handel meant it to be given. This chorus, the "Hallelujah," and "Lift up your heads," were one and all remarkably well executed. The solo singers were Mad. Florence Lancia, Mad. Sain-ton-Dolby, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Swift. Mad. Sain-ton-Dolby sang her very best throughout, and her "He was despised" was, as usual, a master-

piece of expression. Other efforts of conspicuous merit were "Why do the nations?" by Mr. Santley, and "But thou didst not leave," by Mr. Swift. Mad. Lancia appeared to be suffering from nervousness (not unnaturally, being her second appearance only as an oratorio singer): she contrived nevertheless to distinguish herself most honourably in "Come unto Him" and "How beautiful are the feet"—to both of which her fresh, bright voice imparted a peculiarly sympathetic charm; and still more in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in which she produced a marked sensation. Mr. Higgs presided at the organ, and Mr. Martin was of course conductor. The hall was crowded.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Passion Week performance of *The Messiah* took place on Wednesday night, in presence of the usual crowded audience. The invaluable co-operation of Mr. Sims Reeves, whose engagements with Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt have disabled him from appearing at Exeter Hall as often as usual this season, lent additional importance to the occasion. Never did our gifted tenor invest the familiar strains with greater significance and force. Mr. Reeves enters into the very spirit of Handel's music, and we could name no other living vocalist so capable of imparting a deep and pathetic sentiment (which always goes to the heart and not unfrequently brings tears to the eyes of his audience) to the inspirations of the grand "Musician of the Bible." The second part of the *Messiah* affords Mr. Reeves opportunities (of which he magnificently avails himself) to display his complete mastery of the most varied phases of expression. All the profound and heartfelt music of the Passion was rendered by him with the deepest and most genuine feeling, while the fire and dramatic energy which he infused into the air "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron" produced an extraordinary effect. Nor should we leave unrecorded his splendid execution of "Comfort ye, my people," and its florid pendant—"Every Valley shall be exalted"—in the interpretation of both of which at present he stands alone. Miss Louisa Pyne, although better known as an operatic phenomenon than as a singer of sacred music, is too accomplished ever to sing otherwise than admirably; while the excellence of Mad. Sainton-Dolby and of Signor Belletti as interpreters of Handel are too well known (the first especially) to need remark. The choruses were even better executed than usual—thanks to the careful rehearsals of the Festival Choir, under Mr. Costa's watchful guidance.

HORN'S ASSEMBLY ROOMS, KENNINGTON.—On Monday evening the members of the Musical Society in connection with the establishment of Messrs. Easton, Amos & Sons, gave a concert under the direction of Mr. George Tedder, which was numerously attended. The vocal department was ably represented by Miss Poole, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Mr. G. Tedder, Mr. H. Sanders, and Master Edwin Sanders. Miss Poole was encored in Hatton's "Will you go for a Soldier?" Miss R. Isaacs received a similar compliment in one or two favourite ballads; and Mr. George Tedder, in Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?" was honoured with "an ovation." The instrumental portion of the concert was well sustained by Miss Rosina Collins on the violin, Mr. Henry Parker on the Pianoforte, and an orchestra under the direction of Mr. C. Fox, which performed several attractive pieces.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—Mademoiselle Marie Cruvelli, from the principal Theatres in Italy and Paris, will make her first appearance in England, (after an absence of Eight Years,) at the concert of the Vocal Association on Wednesday evening next, St. James's Hall. The other features of the Programme are, Mendelssohn's Psalm, "Hear my prayer," for Soprano Solo and Chorus, Meyerbeer's, "Pater Noster" (The Lord's prayer), and a Duet on Two Pianofortes, by Miss Eleanor Ward and Mr. Benedict. Herr Formes will also take part in the performance, Mr. Benedict, as usual, being Conductor.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Guillaume Tell was given for the third time on Saturday. In the second act, M. Zelger, taken suddenly ill, was led off the stage by Sig. Tamberlik, and the trio for Arnold, Tell and Walter was omitted in consequence, one of the chorus singers taking the place of M. Zelger in the grand finale.

The performance of *Il Trovatore* on Tuesday attracted an audience at once curious and interested, there being two first appearances, Mlle. Gordosa as Leonora and Mr. Santley as the Count di Luna. The lady, notwithstanding her name, is an Englishwoman,

by name Botibol. She was a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, and went to Italy to finish her education, where, we believe, she obtained some stage experience, having performed in some of the minor theatres. She is still young, and must not be judged by a first essay before such an audience as that of the Royal Italian Opera—enough indeed to dash the courage of veteran artists. Mlle. Gordosa has a "soprano" voice of legitimate compass, with good notes in the middle, and the upper notes somewhat worn, and we doubt not that it may at one period have boasted an "agreeable quality." Her timidity was extreme however, and we are thus debarred from forming a decided opinion as to her capabilities. Mr. Santley, on the other hand, made an unmitigated "hit," as indeed had been generally anticipated. His reception was uproarious, so much so, that it seemed wholly to unnerve him. This was not only very natural, but spoke in favour of the "debutant." The singer who is indifferent under certain conditions can have little feeling; and without feeling there is no real art in music—at least none above "the average." Mr. Santley was placed unexpectedly in a highly responsible position, and one which precluded indifference. That the vehement applause which greeted his entrance should have more or less unstrung his nerves is easy to understand. But not "frighted by false fires," and conscious of his powers, Mr. Santley rallied almost instantaneously, and soon showed himself as practised a master of the Italian as of the English school of singing. His pronunciation is irreproachable. Indeed he might easily pass for one brought up in the "Land of Song." In the first act, the Count di Luna has not much to do, except in the vociferous trio, where Mr. Santley's fine voice and manly style told with legitimate effect. The popular air in the second act, "Il balen del suo sorriso,"—the "*Graziani aria*," as it is called—was perhaps his most trying ordeal in presence of the large majority of the audience. Through this he passed triumphantly and obtained an unanimous encore; after which "*coup de main*" all was plain sailing; and gathering new force as he progressed, he sang better and better, terminating his maiden essay "in the first theatre of Europe" with brilliant *éclat*.

Of Signor Tamberlik's *Manrico* nothing more need be said than that it was as powerful and impressive as ever; unless it be, indeed, that he gave the graceful *cantilena*, "Ah si ben mio" with more than ordinary sentiment, and that the *cabaletta* "Di quella pira," by the unanticipated introduction of a magnificent *ut de poitrine* in quite a new place, electrified the audience, who applauded and recalled him with enthusiasm. Mad. Nantier-Didié (her first appearance this year) was Azucena; Sig. Tagliafico Ferrando. The performance generally was such as we have been accustomed to at the Royal Italian Opera; and if Mad. Verdi (said to be in London) was present, she must have been more than satisfied with all *but*—but *n'importe!*

The *Favorita* on Thursday re-introduced Mad. Csillag as Leonora, and a new basso, Signor Nanni, as Baldassare. Signor Gardoni was to have appeared as Ferdinando, but for reasons unexplained, the part was allotted to Signor Neri-Baraldi. We shall speak of this performance in our next. Mlle. Adelina Patti is expected the first week in May. The "*bijou-prima donna*" *sera la bienvenue*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT.

(From "The Sunday Times.")

"The concert of Monday last was for the benefit of Miss Arabella Goddard, and if any proof had been needed of the esteem in which this extraordinary pianist is held by the public, it would have been conclusively established on this occasion, for we certainly never saw such a crowd in St. James's Hall, nor have we frequently seen so brilliant a company or such an assemblage of fair faces. The presence of these last gratified us much, not alone because we have a keen appreciation of the beautifully physiognomical, but because we rejoice at finding so many young ladies assembled to hear Beethoven's last sonata, and Bach's 'Tarantella' prelude and fugue, and to honour the performer thereof. Miss Goddard impressed us most in the wondrous sonata of Beethoven, his thirty-second and last, displaying the most perfect mechanism without at any moment losing sight of the poetry of the work—a faculty only possessed by artists of the first rank. Miss God-

dard astonished us most by her performance of Bach's prelude and fugue, the difficulties of which are well known to pianoforte students. She charmed us most in the 'Kreutzer' sonata of Beethoven, in which she had the invaluable co-operation of Herr Joachim. The charm seemed to extend to the majority of the audience, since scarcely an individual quitted the room until the last note, although the length of the sonata is great, and it came at the end of the programme. Miss Goddard was recalled after the prelude and fugue. That the sonata did not evoke similar enthusiasm, may be accounted for by the peculiarly impressive and rivetting nature of the music, which is enough to throw an audience of even 2,000 people into a state of entrancement, and, as there is nothing calculated to arouse them but the echoes of their own applause (the sonata in question terminating in the softest and dreamiest manner imaginable), a storm of approbation is hardly a probable pendant to the performance. The real tribute to composer and executant was in the breathless silence which prevailed during the progress of this fanciful and wonderful work. Haydn's quartet in C, op. 39, by M.M. Joachim, Ries, Webb, and Paque, one of the most tuneful of the old master's many works for the chamber, formed an agreeable opening to the concert, and met with thorough appreciation. The *adagio* was very warmly applauded."

(From "The London Review" of April 5.)

"It was not at all surprising to find St. James's hall filled to overflowing on Monday last, on the occasion of Miss Arabella Goddard's benefit, and her last appearance this season at the Monday Popular Concerts. Though repeatedly before the public, it is at these concerts that her great talent has been most abundantly displayed. The *répertoire* of orchestral works is very limited, in comparison with that of chamber-music compositions, and hence the frequent repetition of certain acknowledged masterpieces. To know, however, an artist in his varied capacities, and to judge of his merits, we must look to *all* his achievements, rather than to a few. It is for this reason that the Monday Popular Concerts have offered Miss Goddard the widest field for distinction, inasmuch as her numerous appearances necessitated a constant change of programmes. We know not who will be called upon to fill her place during her absence; but this we know, that no pianist, be he English or foreign, will easily succeed in effacing the impression she has left behind. Indeed, we may safely assert, that in many respects she is without a rival. Neither should it be forgotten, that Miss Goddard has appeared, alternately, with one of the greatest piano players of modern times,—we mean Mr. Charles Hallé. Not only has she stood her ground bravely and nobly, but she has often challenged comparison, and in many cases carried away the palm. That the public should be eager, therefore, to show their admiration for the brilliant talent of this accomplished lady, is not to be wondered at. The pieces selected by Miss Goddard for this important occasion testified to her artistic feeling, and evinced, in a high degree, her executive powers. Beside the prelude and fugue, *alla Tarantella*, by Bach, with which she produced so great an effect at the Philharmonic Society, and Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' sonata for pianoforte and violin, with Herr Joachim, the great pianist played the sonata in C minor, Op. 111, for piano solo, the last sonata for that instrument bequeathed to the world by the immortal composer. Of Bach's fugue and its performance we have already spoken in our preceding number. To dwell upon the merits of the famous *concertante* sonata dedicated to Kreutzer is equally superfluous, having stated that Miss Goddard was assisted by Herr Joachim. It only remains for us to say a few words on the music and the execution of Beethoven's 'Testament Sonata,' as it is called. '*Approchons avec respect de la dernière sonate de Beethoven, du dernier accent de cette lyre sans rivale*,' says M. Lenz, in his book of '*Beethoven et ses Trois Styles*.' 'Respect' is a poor word indeed to apply to so grand a work; veneration would have been far more appropriate, since it is one of the most sublime compositions of the great master. It consists of two movements—the first an allegro, preceded by a majestic introduction,—the second an *adagio*, with variations. They are not variations, however, in the ordinary sense of the word, but such as only Beethoven knew how to write. In listening to the last strains of this poetic inspiration, one cannot help feeling moved at this solemn leave-taking, this tender '*Lebe-wohl*,' as the author of the analytical remarks on the sonata expresses himself, 'to the instrument which he had raised to the dignity of the orchestra, and on the keys of which he had revealed the entire secret of his artistic life.' It is impossible to do justice to Miss Goddard's exquisite performance of this wonderful work. So delicate was her touch in some of the variations on the *Arietta*, that her fingers seemed to float over the key-board, and the notes became words, full of the deepest pathos. We must not forget to mention that the concert opened with an early quartet of

Haydn, charmingly played by Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Webb, and Paque. The vocal music was intrusted to Miss Clari Fraser and Mr. Tennant."

THE OPERA SEASON.

(From "The Illustrated Times.")

THE system of "every theatrical manager his own critic" has of late been gaining ground immensely. Mr. Webster's opinion of Mr. Boucicault's dramas, Mr. Buckstone's opinion of Mr. Sothorn's acting, are now proclaimed daily in the playbills as a matter of course. Thus the public are told not only what they may have for their money, but also why what they are invited to have is particularly and pre-eminently worth having. Can anything be more reasonable? The cheap tailors do precisely the same thing; and were it not for its advertisements, the firm of Moses and Son would be unknown beyond the precincts of the Minories, instead of enjoying, as it actually does, a well-earned notoriety in every part of the civilised world where the British journal penetrates.

Hitherto, from some mistaken notion of dignity, our leading operatic managers have usually abstained from following in the steps of the most eminent Jew clothiers and slopsellers. We do not blame them for it. We only mention the fact, and have endeavoured to some extent to explain it. It must be remembered, that in many countries, and occasionally even in England, operatic managers have been men of considerable literary and artistic attainments (more than one author of distinction and some of the best composers of the day have directed operas during the last fifty years), and, not being mere speculators or at all first-rate men of business in the Minories sense of the word, they have not understood the great advantage of addressing themselves expressly to the ignorant and vulgar, who in all communities form the immense majority, and who, therefore, ought specially to be studied. The competition of the music-halls, however, seems at last to have convinced our operatic impresarios of the necessity of abandoning the antiquated system of announcing only the names of the singers engaged and the works which they meditate bringing out. To be sure, the vocalists whose services are retained at the various music-halls are usually quite unknown to the public: so that there is more necessity for violently calling attention to *their* merits than to those of Mario and Titiens, or of Patti and Giuglini. But both systems have been tried—the quiet and the loud; and just now it is evident that the loud is everywhere found the best. Let us go with the times, and in a spirit of becoming impartiality, let us not impute to Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson faults with which we should never have thought of charging Mr. Morton or Mr. Weston.

The only thing we have really to complain of in this novel plan (as applied to the opera) of "every manager his own critic" is that the critic, who is *not* a manager, has his hands tied by it. What is he to say to the public about the merits of Mad. Chanterelle or of Signor Squallinalto, when the public has been already informed, through the medium of a dozen advertisements, that the former is "a true artist in every sense of the word," and that the latter is "decidedly the first tenor of the day?" The point is settled at once by such statements as these, and all that is left to the unhappy journalist is to paraphrase, adorn, elaborate (to intensify would be impossible) the praise so liberally accorded by the director to the singer whom he has thought fit to engage, and with whose merits he must naturally have made himself acquainted before signing the contract. To question the impresario's opinion would be unbecoming; to contradict it—impossible. Here and there we may be allowed to offer a remark in corroboration of what has already been advanced by the director; but, generally speaking, the modest part we have henceforth to play is that of echo to the managerial thunder. The directors of the two rival Operas appear to be equally impressed with the importance of the coming International Exhibition. "It will naturally be a source of pride and gratification to the musical amateurs of this country to know," says Mr. Gye, "that among the wonders and sights of London the Opera will not suffer by comparison with that of other great capitals; but, on the contrary, that the general and received opinion will be confirmed by our guests that, whether the individual talent of its different members or the perfection of its general *ensemble* be considered, the Royal Italian Opera stands pre-eminent among all similar establishments. To maintain, therefore, the reputation of the Royal Italian Opera, every effort will assuredly be directed, and such arrangements made as will tend to secure a most brilliant season." As for Mr. Mapleson, he appears to have resolved to open Her Majesty's Theatre simply and solely because he imagined that if, during the International Exhibition, it remained shut, all England would be disgraced. This is kind of Mr. Mapleson, and proves that he has a good heart. But let him speak in his own words:—"Called upon unexpect-

tedly (name of the person or persons calling upon him not mentioned) at a moment when the metropolis was about to be deprived of the performances of Italian opera in this great and renowned Temple of the Muses, and at a time when a vast influx of visitors from all parts of the world are expected to visit London during the International Exhibition, rendering it almost a national disgrace if Her Majesty's Theatre should remain closed on such an occasion, Mr. Mapleson is deeply impressed with the responsibilities of his undertaking." More than that, Mr. Mapleson has engaged a company which includes many well-known and admirable singers, such as the incomparable Mlle. Titiens and Mad. Guerrabella among the sopranos, the Sisters Marchisio of duet celebrity, Sig. Giuglini among the tenors, and Sig. Gassier among the barytones. Of course, too, a number of foreigners and not a few British provincials will continue to think for years to come that Her Majesty's Theatre is still, and has never ceased to be, the Italian Opera *par excellence* of London. "Its august appellation," says Mr. Mapleson, gravely, "identifies it in the idea of many as the Government theatre." For the benefit of strangers, it would perhaps have been more ingenious not to have published this last remark. We observe that Mr. Mapleson is determined to make as much as possible out of the ancient reputation of the "Opera House;" and, moreover, to do great things in order to keep it up; for he informs us that, "to retain the old prestige of Her Majesty's Theatre, the nights of performance in future will be Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays!"

To increase the amount of subscriptions at the Royal Italian Opera, the nights of performance at that theatre in future will be Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and there will be a double subscription list. Mr. Gye also (like Mr. Mapleson) looks back with some solemnity to the past, and tells us that he "cannot but be gratified still to find around him so many of those great artists who have long assisted to sustain the reputation of his theatre"—meaning, we presume, those veterans, Mario, Ronconi, and Tamberlik; as well as Mad. Didié, who, though she has been many years at the Royal Italian Opera, is still quite and eminently in her prime. Nor can the veterans—veterans as they are, and though they have scarcely two voices between the three—possibly be replaced with advantage. These singers of a past or passing generation have genius, minus a certain amount of singing power. Many of the younger tenors and barytones have more singing power, but no genius.

But to return to the new and improved system of advertising adopted by the rival operatic managers, let us invite the notice of our readers to the following curiously elaborate eulogium on Mlle. Titiens:—

"It is seldom that Nature lavishes on one person all the varied gifts which are needed to form a great soprano. A voice whose register entitles it to claim this rank is of the rarest order. Melodious quality and power, which are not less essential than an extended register, are equally scarce. Musical knowledge, executive finish, and perfect intonation are indispensable; and to these the prima donna should add dramatic force and adaptability, and a large measure of personal grace. Even these rare endowments will not suffice unless they are illumined by the fire of genius. By one alone, of living artists, has this high ideal been reached—by Mlle. Titiens."

The manager of Her Majesty's writes with a bigger and broader-nibbed pen, and is a greater hand at a flourish than we can pretend to be; but he does not go beyond us in admiration of Mlle. Titiens, who is certainly by far the greatest dramatic singer of the day. She can prove that, however, at any time, and therefore does not require to be praised by the director of the theatre where she is engaged, and who, in accordance with directorial custom, would praise her almost as much if she were only a vocalist of ordinary merit, like so many others who, without deserving it, have been lauded to the skies. May we here be allowed to take the liberty of hazarding one small objection to the *style* of the two operatic programmes just issued? Or rather, without making any direct complaint, may we be permitted to venture to suggest that the sort of puff adopted by the proprietor of a place called "The Pavilion," is more attractive and more amusing (while it is, at the same time, couched in more elegant phraseology) than anything in the same line that has yet been hit upon by Mr. Mapleson or Mr. Gye? In calling attention to the approaching termination of the engagement of "Miss Constance," the chief of the Pavilion quietly expresses a hope that, ere this engagement finally expire, "the opportunity (*i.e.*, of hearing Miss Constance) may not be lost by those who have not yet participated in the delight occasioned by her sweet melodies."

Now, what can be pretty if that isn't? We never heard Miss Constance, and probably never shall; whereas we have often heard Mlle. Titiens, and shall hear her again as often as possible. But the plain neat little appeal—almost touching in its simplicity and innocence—with which Miss Constance has inspired her director goes to the heart. The elaborate commendation of which Mlle. Titiens is made the subject dazzles for a moment, and is then forgotten. One cannot help feeling a liking for Constance; but, in spite of the managerial praise, we are still convinced that Mlle. Titiens is the greatest singer.

Letters to the Editor.

HARP MUSIC.

SIR,—In answer to the enquiry of your correspondent N.E.G. respecting harp music, I beg to suggest that at Messrs. Addison and Co. and Mills and Son, may be had several of the published compositions of Boleyn Reeves, which are not only quite *original* in forms and subjects, but peculiarly melodious and artistic in their conception and treatment, and they only want to be better known to become standard works; an honour alike to the harp and composer.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

[It must be evident to the meanest apprehension that we cannot insert any more "answers" like the above, or any more questions likely to extort such answers. Our *bonâ-fide* "advertisers" might take offence.—Ed.]

A LETTER FROM MENDELSSOHN.

(Addressed to Mr. J. Alfred Novello.)

Leipzig, 18th Nov. 1837.

My dear Sir,—It is now a fortnight since your sister first appeared here in public, & directly after it I wanted to write to you & give you a full account of it & only to day I have leisure enough to do it. Excuse it, but although it is late & I may think that you heard already from other sides of all the details of her great success here I cannot help writing you also on the subject, & before all I shout "triumph" because you know that you were my enemy* & that my opinion prevailed only with great difficulty (letters included) & that it comes now out how well I knew my countrymen, how well they appreciate what is really good & beautiful, & what a service to all the lovers of music has been done by your sister's coming over to this country. I do not know whether she thinks the same of my opinion now, I am sometimes afraid she must find the place so very small & dull, & miss her splendid Philharmonic band & all those Marchionesses & Duchesses & Lady Patronesses who looked so beautifully, aristocratically, in your Concert Rooms, & of whom we have a great want. But if being really and heartily liked & loved by a public, & being looked on as a most distinguished & eminent talent must also convey a feeling of pleasure to those that are the object of it, I am sure that your sister cannot repent her resolution of accepting the invitation to this place, & must be glad to think of the delight she gave & the many friends she made in so short time & in a foreign country. Indeed I never heard such an unanimous expression of delight as after her first Recitative, & it was a pleasure to see people at once agreeing & the difference of opinion (which must always prevail) consisting only in the more or less praise to be bestowed on her. It was capital that not one hand's applause received her when she first appeared to sing 'Non più di fiori' because the triumph after the Recitative was the greater; the room rung of applause, & after it there was such a noise of conversations, people expressing their delight to each other, that not a note of the whole *ritornelle* could be heard; then silence was again restored, & after the air, which she really sang better & with more expression than I ever heard from her, my good Leipsic public became like mad, & made a most tremendous noise. Since that moment she was the declared favourite of them. They are equally delighted with her clear & youthful voice & with the purity & good taste with which she sings everything. The *Polacca* of the *Puritani* was encoired, which is a rare thing in our concerts here, & I am quite sure the longer she stays & the more she is heard the more she will become a favourite; because she possesses just those two qualities of which the public is particularly fond here—purity of intonation & a thorough bred musical feeling. I must also add that I never heard her to greater advantage than at these two concerts, & that I liked her singing infinitely better than ever I did before; whether it might be that the smaller room suits her better or perhaps the foreign air, or whether it is that I am partial to every thing in this country (which is also not unlikely), but I really think her much superior to what I have heard her before. And therefore I am once more glad that I conquered you, my enemy.

They are now in correspondence with the court of Dessau & with Berlin, whereto they intend to go during the intervals of the concerts here; I hope however that their stay will be prolonged as much as possible. We had Vieuxtemps here, who delighted the public; we also expect Blagrove in the beginning of January. Charles Kemble with his daughter Adelaide passed also by this place, but she did not sing in

* In allusion to Mr. J. A. Novello's desire that his sister, Miss Clara, should proceed direct to Italy and not visit Germany.

public, only at a party at my house. Has Mr. Coventry received my letter, and the one for Bennett I sent him? And have you received the parcel with my Concerto, which Breitkopf and Hartel promised to send in great haste? Do you see Mr. Klingemann sometimes? And how is music going on in England? Or had you no time to think now of anything else than the Guildhall-puddings & pies & the 200 pine-apples which the Queen ate there, as a French paper has it? If you see Mr. Attwood will you tell him my best compliments & wishes, & that a very great cause of regret to me is my not having been able to meet him at my last stay in England. And now the paper is over & consequently the letter also. Excuse the style, which is probably very German. My kindest regard to Mr. & Mrs. Clarke, & my best thanks for the kind letter & the papers they sent me by Mrs. Novello. And now good bye & be as well & happy as I always wish you to be. Very truly yours

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY.

Provincial.

Music seems "going a-head" at Cambridge, and no wonder, considering the great interest Professor Sterndale Bennett takes in the place. The acoustic qualities of the New Public Rooms have already been tested by a sort of pre-inaugurative concert, the following account of which appeared in the *Cambridge Chronicle* :—

"On Thursday evening last, the new Public Rooms were lighted up, and the Cambridge Amateur Musical Society favoured a large number of the inhabitants with a selection of sacred music, principally from the *Messiah*. The acoustic effects were, upon the whole, very satisfactory, the choruses, from the front of the room, somewhat overpowering, but, in the gallery, all that could be wished. If the orchestra had been two feet lower, the sound would spread more evenly over the room. The ventilation appears excellent. Indeed, we may say that general satisfaction was expressed. Mr. Fawcett has been in communication, through Professor Bennett, with Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt to open the rooms; but her arrangements for this circuit being fixed for April, her professional aid could not be obtained. A committee, consisting of representatives of the town and University musical societies and others, met Professor Bennett on Thursday afternoon, to make preliminary arrangements for the opening of the large room, and we hope soon to be able to furnish some definite particulars. Chorus and band performers to make a complete and efficient orchestra will be engaged from Leeds and London; and we earnestly hope that no personal feelings may prevent the whole *corps musique* in our vicinity from working harmoniously to render the opening festival a great success. But as it will entail a large outlay, it is proposed to raise a guarantee fund, which, though it will, in all probability, be unnecessary, it is only fair to the committee should reach a large amount, in order to avert the possibility of their being out of pocket."

Since the above was written there was to have been a rehearsal of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

ZELIA TREBELLI.—Signora Zelia Trebelli is of French descent, born in Paris, where her father holds a high government office. Her real name is *Gilbert*. Her musical talent manifested itself early; she therefore received instruction in piano-playing when she was only six years old, her first teacher being a German, which circumstance greatly influenced the direction of her musical taste. These instructions on the piano were continued for ten years and made her an excellent pianist. The young girl was most fond of the study of Beethoven's sonatas and the well-tempered clavier by Bach. The parents, not thinking to make an artist of their daughter, brought her up for the elevated social circle in which they moved. When Zelia was sixteen years old she took a fancy to have singing lessons, and her father desiring she should become able to sing ballads acceptably, secured a teacher for her in one Fr. Wartel, a German, who had formerly earned a reputation as an interpreter of Franz Schubert's musical poems, and of late has been connected with the Grand Opera in Paris. Wartel at once discovered the talent of the young girl, and persuaded the parents, by no means easily, to have her educated for the lyric stage. When their consent was obtained, Wartel devoted all his time, energy and knowledge to the instruction of his promising pupil. Zelia seeing that the Italian language would be of great service to

her in the development of her voice studied it, and subsequently resolved to go over the Italian lyric stage altogether.

In the fall of 1859, Signora Trebelli left her teacher and made her *début* in Madrid with an Italian troupe. During the whole winter season she had such a success as beginners rarely attain. She first appeared as Rosina in the *Barbiere*, with Mario for the Count. Her second essay was the Page in the *Huguenots*. Her engagement in Madrid terminating in April 1860, she returned to Paris and resumed her studies with M. Wartel, until July 1860, when Merelli engaged her for his Berlin troop. She made her first appearance in Germany in the old city of Cologne, as Arsace in *Semiramide* with the most decided success. She then went to Hamburg and finally to Berlin. Her repertory consists of Pierotto in *Linda*, Orsini in *Lucrezia*, Rosina in *Il Barbiere*, Arsace in *Semiramide*, Fidalma in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, Urbano in *Ugonotti*, the Duchess in *Luisa Miller*, the Countess in *Tre nozze*, Azucena in *Trovatore*, Madalena in *Rigoletto*, Angelina in *Cenerentola*, Isabella in *Italiana in Algeri*.—*New Zeitschrift*.]

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"Signor Ferrari makes an observation which, as far as we are aware, is now. It is evidently well founded, and of great importance. Owing to the want of attention to the tone in which children *speak*, they acquire bad habits, and contract a habitual tone which is mistaken for their natural voice. It is a result of this neglect, he says, that 'the young ladies of the present day speak in a subdued, muffled tone, or what may be called a demi-falsetto, in consequence of which very few natural voices are heard.' Hence a young lady, when she begins to sing, frequently continues to use this *habitual* tone. 'The result is,' says Signor Ferrari, 'that not only does she never sing well, but soon begins to sing out of tune, and finally loses her voice, and in too many instances injures her chest. Indeed,' he adds, 'I have no hesitation in saying that hundreds of young ladies bring upon themselves serious chest affections from a bad habit of speaking and singing.' Signor Ferrari afterwards shows how this great evil may be cured by making the pupil read or recite passages in a deep tone, as though engaged in earnest conversation; and he adds, 'I cannot advise too strongly the greatest attention to the free and natural development of the *lower tones* of the voice. It is to the stability of the voice what a deep foundation is to the building of a house.'

"Signor Ferrari deprecates, as fatal errors, the custom of practising songs or solfeggio with florid passages before the voice is sufficiently cultivated. He is of opinion that young ladies ought to begin the study of singing at thirteen or fourteen, and not, as is generally done, at seventeen or eighteen, by which time they ought to be good singers. In regard to the important question how long the pupil ought to practise, he observes that this will depend on the acquisition of a proper method. The more a pupil practises with an improper intonation the worse, but once able to sing with a natural tone, he may practise two, three, or more hours a day without danger. All Signor Ferrari's precepts are of the same sound and rational character.

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